

The Tragedie of Hamlet

man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i't, Crowners quest law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not been a gentle woman, she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou saist, and the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no ancient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Graue-makers, they hold vp *Adams* profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

I'le put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter.

Oth. The gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes wel to those that do ill, now thou doost ill to say the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Oth. VVho builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dul asse will not mend his pace with beating, & when your are askt this questiō next, say a graue-maker, the houses he makes lasts tel Doomsday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue,

Me thought it was very sweet

To contract O the time for a my behoue,

O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier

Clow. But age with his stealing steps *Song.* (sence.

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if t'were *Cains* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be the pate of a pollititian, which this Asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a ones horle, when a meant to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and knocke about the mazer with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,

Song.

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of Clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ha. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shouell, and will not tell him of his aetions of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and doubles, then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and mult th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham.